

THE
APOTHEOSIS
OF
PUNCH;
A SATIRICAL MASQUE:
WITH A
MONODY

On the DEATH of the late
MASTER PUNCH.

AS NOW PERFORMING AT THE
PATAGONIAN THEATRE, Exeter-'Change,
With Universal Applause.

I've heard that Things inanimate have mov'd,
And as with living souls, have been inform'd
By magic Numbers and persuasive Sounds.

CONGREVE.

LONDON:

Printed for J. WENMAN, Fleet-street; F. NEWBERRY, Corner of St. Paul's Church-yard; and W. THOMPSON, Exeter-'Change, in the Strand.

M DCC LXX IX.

THE
APOTHECARY

PHARMACEUTICAL

A PHARMACEUTICAL

PHARMACEUTICAL



T O
RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, Esq;
ONE OF THE
JOINT MANAGERS
OF THE
THEATRES ROYAL and OPERA-HOUSE;
THIS *ŒU - d' ESPRIT*
IS HUMBLY DEDICATED,
BY HIS MOST OBEDIENT,
AND DEVOTED SERVANT,

PLUNDER.

RICHARD BRIDGES & SONS LTD

ONE OF THE

JOINT MANAGERS

OF THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN

THIS DAY

IS HEREBY DECLARED

BY HIS MOST EXCELLENT

AND RIGHT HONOURABLE

MINISTER

Dynamis.

Doctor Plunder.

Religious Freedom.

PUNCH.

Apollon.

Bacchus.

Pan.

Death.

Understaker.

Mutes, &c.

MELPOMENE.

THALIA.

Dramatis.

Doctor Plunder.

Roscius *secundus*.

P U N C H.

Apollo.

Bacchus.

Pan.

Death.

Undertaker.

Mutes, &c.

MELPOMENE.

THALIA.

A P O T H E O S I S
O F
P U N C H.

P R E L U D E.

S C E N E I.

A Dressing-Room in the Theatre.

Doctor Plunder *and* Roscius secundus *discovered.*

Doctor Plunder.

I HAVE founded my piece upon two ideas ;—
the first, a custom among the Egyptians, who
publicly tried the conduct of their great men
after death, and then gave judgment on their me-
rit. Secondly, a custom of the Greeks and Ro-
mans, who pronounced orations over the bodies
of their deceased heroes, or over their ashes when
inurned.

B

Roscius

Roscius secundus.

I fear few in these days would pass the Egyptian ordeal immaculate, or merit the Greek or Roman oration. But I am surprized, Doctor Plunder, that you, who have suffered so severely for traducing Master Punch, while living, should now become his Panegyrist; particularly as his *executors* have no *pecuniary* demands upon you. But having shifted off this mortal coil, and become defunct, like Zanga's revenge, I suppose your enmity expired with your foe. You war not with the dust;—a lion preys not upon carcases.

Doctor Plunder.

Master Roscius secundus, you have hit the right nail on the head. I hated Punch while living; but now he is dead, I am determined to be one of his most zealous eulogists. Our dislike arose from that mutual antipathy which naturally exists, not only between dramatic authors, but every class of writers, whether coiners, cutters, clippers, or counterfeiters, of literature.

Roscius

Roscius secundus.

Your sentiments, Doctor, exactly coincide with mine. His failings all lie buried in the grave, and all his good comes rushing on my soul. Never will I again mimic his peculiarities with buffoon drollery. But do you not think the plagiarism of our piece will meet the disapprobation of the audience?

Doctor Plunder.

By no means: I have only stolen from Shakespeare; and Poets set up a prescriptive right to purloin from him. I am convinced from experience, that Plagiarism meets as much success as Originality. The addition of a few *songs* to a Tragedy, makes an excellent *Masque*; and airs judiciously introduced into a *Cut Comedy*, answers all the intents, and every end of an *Original Opera*. I know how to secure the approbation of the public by crook, or by *Hook*.

Roscius secundus.

I will say that for you, Doctor, you do not descend to *petty larceny*; your robberies are open and bold.

Doctor Plunder.

I plead guilty to your arraignment; and the Prologue which you speak to this night's entertainment, I have taken, partly from old Jack Dryden, and partly from Alic Pope. I am like Sir Roger de Coverley's chaplain, who always preached from printed sermons, when unable to compose himself. In dull moods I make bold with the works of others.

Roscius secundus:

But do you not think, Doctor, that the *Monody* is rather too highly elevated in the *hyperbole*? In praising your hero, you have made mere cyphers of every other puppet. Like a poet laureat, you have

have centered every virtue, merit, and qualification, in an individual; which is out-heroding Herod, and an insult upon common-sense and modesty. [*Bell rings.*] But hark! the prompter's bell rings.

Doctor Plunder.

Adieu! I will retire, and write a few puffs for the newspapers: I have precedent for puffing my Monody in the public prints.

Roscius secundus.

And in your puffs be sure to remember me, as I have not leisure to puff myself. I assure you, Doctor, puffing is often a means of procuring a good engagement; and if you give a critique upon this piece before it is printed, I expect to shine forth in the Critical Review; or, if it be published, to have my person delineated by Roberts, and stuck in the window of Bell's Circulating Library.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

S C E N E II.

*Before the Curtain.**Enter Roscius Secundus, as Prologue.*

The lab'ring bee, when his sharp sting is gone,
 Forgets his golden work, and turns a drone.
 Such is a *Satire*, when you take away
 That rage in which his noble vigour lay.
 The honey-bag and venom lay so near,
 That both together you resolved to tear,
 And lost your pleasure to secure your fear. }
 This is plain levelling of wit ; in which
 The poor has all th' advantage, not the rich.
 The blockhead stands excus'd for want of sense,
 And wits turn blockheads in their own defence.
 Yet tho' the Stage's traffic is undone,
 Still *Scandal*, with her smuggling trade, goes on.
 Tho' *Satire* on the Theatre you smot her,
 In *paragraphs* you libel one another.
 Each flaming patriot who would rule the roast,
 We find *dissected* in the——*Morning Post*.
 While those who get in place, and think they're
 wiser,
 Are *butcher'd* in the——*General Advertiser*.

Your

Your *Magazines* with Scandal are replete,
 And monthly damn a brace in — *tête-à-tête*.
 Like desp'rate pirates they refuse all quarter,
 Wives, widows, virgins, suffer in the slaughter.
 Yet women sure are privileg'd from war ;
 'Tis not like knights to draw upon the fair,
 Tho' true of late they act *en militaire*. }

On this our poor epitome of stage,
 Against the vicious, mortal war we wage :
 Eye Nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
 And catch the manners living as they rise.

We've tragic heroes here of *mandrake root* ;
 Comedians cut from leg of poor *Sam Foote*.
 Our poet, too, as you this night will see,
 Is mostly made of *Shakespeare's mulb'ry-tree*.
 All that is *not* his own, you'll find is good ;
 He steals, like other modern bards, of—*wood*,
 Who *cook* up broken viands in a dish,
 Like Spanish *olio*, mixed with flesh and fish.
 Nay, ladies, do not laugh, tho' small, I'm
 mighty,
 My heart is *English oak*, my head is *lignum vite*.
 [Exit.]

SCENE

S C E N E III.

The great bell tolls, and the curtain rising slowly to solemn music, discovers a long Gothic aisle, six wings on each side, hung with black, and black curtains falling in drapery from the roof, ornamented with escutcheons, banners, ensigns armorial, helmet, crests, pendants, &c. In the center stands a coffin covered with crimson; a black pall flowing over it, a canopy, plumes, &c. At each wing stands a mourner, and at the head of the coffin, choristers.

FUNERAL DIRGE BY THE CHORISTERS.

A cold and breathless corse, behold, he lies;
 His spirit fled far, far beyond the skies!
 See where the plumed sable hearse doth stand!
 Behold the mutes, a pensive, weeping band!
 Virtue on earth adorn'd his manly breast;
 Of fair and manly grace he was possess.
 He knew nor harm nor guile, nor us'd deceit;
 He liv'd belov'd, and all his death regret.
 The grieving crouds lift up their mournful voice;
 None but the Undertaker fell rejoice.

UNDER-

Undertaker.

RECITATIVE.

Fall back, make room there, stand aloof,
A light is breaking through the roof.
Was ever seen so great a wonder ?
Look at the joists they fly afunder !
What can it be descends in thunder ?

}
} [Thunder.

MELPOMENE, *the TRAGIC MUSE, clothed in
Royal Mourning, descends in a Chariot, a dead
March playing.*

Melpomene.

Fate spoke the word, the cruel arrow flew,
And jocund PUNCH lies with the mighty dead !
Oh ! what a Phoenix lieth here o'erthrown !
Th' observ'd of all observers, quite, quite
down.

C

But

But all must die,——

The world's a stage,

And all the men and women merely players.

They have their exits and their entrances ;

And one man in his time plays many parts.

And what is life ?

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,

Who vainly struts his time upon the stage,

And then is heard no more.

Each gay scene that rises on the bosom of the
earth

Must vanish. The cloud-capt towers,

And gorgeous palaces : the solemn temples ;

The great globe itself ; yea, all which it inherit

Must dissolve ; and, like the baseless

Fabric of a vision, leave not

A wreck behind !

[*Soft music.*]

But lo ! the Comic Muse descends,

Tear-falling pity starting from her eye ;

Pining in thought she comes ;

And with a green and yellow melancholy,

She looks like patience on a monument,

Smiling at grief.

THALIA,

THALIA, the Comic Muse, descends in a Chariot.

Thalia.

What is she, whose woe
Bears such an emphasis ? Whose phrase of
sorrow
Conjures the wand'ring stars, and makes them
stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers ?

Melpomene.

'Tis I, Melpomene ; your sister muse.
Thalia——this is a sorry sight——

Thalia:

Alas, poor PUNCH ! I knew him well, Melpomene. A fellow of infinite jests ; of most excellent fancy ; who held, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature ; to shew virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. He was not one of those robustuous, perriwig-pated fellows, who tear
C 2 a passion

a passion to very rags, and who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shew, and noise:—He ever suited the action to the word, the word to the action:—He was a man of wax, and all he has left behind, are *disclouts* to him. No more like *him*, than I to *Hercules*,

Melpomene.

He was a man, take him for all in all,
 We shall not look upon his like again.
 O, what a grace was seated on his brow!
 Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself!
 O, 'twas a brow where honor might be crown'd
 Sole monarch of the universal earth!
 An eye, like Mars, to threaten and command;
 A station like the herald-Mercury,
 New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
 A combination, and a form, indeed,
 Where every God did seem to set his seal,
 To give the world assurance of a Man.—
 Com'st thou, *Thalia*, on purpose
 To attend these obsequies?

Thalia.

No other cause on earth could bring me down
 From mount Parnassus; or move me,
 Laughter-

Laughter-loving goddess, thus to tremble,
 Sob, or shed a tear; nor shake my solid virtue
 From her point, but PUNCH's death.
 O! let us cut him out in little stars,
 And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
 That all the world shall be in love with night,
 And pay no worship to the garish sun.

Melpomene.

Oh! it is dark with him!
 Here he doth lie upon the wings of night,
 Whiter than snow upon the raven's back.
 Come Death, come grim-look'd Death,
 Give me my favorite hero!

[DEATH rises, cloath'd in royal robes, a diadem
 on his head.

Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
 Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd;
 Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from
 hell;
 Be thy intent wicked or charitable;
 Altho' thou com'st in such a horrid shape,
 I'll speak to thee.—Say, who art thou,
 That thus revisitest the glimpses of the moon,
 Making

Making night hideous ? Say, why is this ?
Wherefore ? What should we do ?

Death.

Being immortal, thou hast never seen me.
But sure this dart, and mark of royal sovereignty
Upon my brow, should tell you, I am
Th'unerring executioner of Fate. — First born
of *Sin*,
Begot by *Satan*.

Melpomene.

Alas——alas !

Death.

Your sorrow's vain.
You cannot free PUNCH from my chains with
tears,
And too much grief still shews a lack of wit.
I am not to be mov'd.
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate its usual height ;
You may as well use question with the wolf
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb ;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When

When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven,
As bid me quit my prey. From ev'ry living
creature

Life's my due. The flesh of PUNCH is mine,
And I stand here, upon the forfeit
And penalty of my bond.

Thalia.

What base, insatiate monster can he be ?

A I R.

You vile-looking rascal, how dare you presume,
Your phiz to intrude, and I in the room,

Quick this instant—out of my sight :

You ill-favour'd dog, must I speak in vain ;

Sirrah, how dare you here longer remain ;

So horrid a figure I never did see,

Melpomene tell me who can he be,

With bleach'd bones that look so white ?

Death.

Ladies,—'tis my opinion you but sham ;

You cannot sure be ign'rant who I am.

Tipstaff

Tipstaff in chief I stand at old Time's *forum*,
Where I 'tend *secula seculorum*,
Regular as justice of the *quorum*.
As for you (*to Thalia*) impudent Miss Virago,
Know I'm the true *mortis imago*.

Thalia.

Nay, sir, in English we request you'll speak ;
Modern muses know not *Latin*, no, nor *Greek*.

Melpomene.

What is't you want, grim sir, pray let me know?
From this you shall not force poor PUNCH to go.
Shall he, of late so gay and sprightly, bow,
To such a bare-bon'd visage ? Who art thou ?

Death.

O, don't you ken me ? I will tell you then :
'Tis I who conquer all the sons of men :
No pitch of honor from my dart is free :
My name is *Death* ; have you not heard of me ?

Melpomene.

It is in vain ; his obdurate heart
Cannot be mov'd. 'Tis more inexorable far
Than

Than roaring lions, or the raging sea.

But *Time* will one day trample on your power,

(*To Death.*

And even *Death* shall die.

(*Jovial music.*

Enter Pan.

Pan.

By the law-harry, this is right good fun,

And here comes jolly Bacchus on his tun.

Melpomene is't you? Thalia sure!

Ladies I'm yours——*votre' serviteur*:

A I R.

Here Bacchus comes,

Here Bacchus comes,

Bacchus with power so charming,

To pain and grief

He brings relief,

For sorrow he cares not a farthing.

Then take the bowl,

Spirit your soul,

And pr'ythee leave off your fighting;

'Twill banish care,

Dry up each tear,

To the de'el I bob your crying,

D

Enter

*Enter Bacchus riding on a Tun, drawn by Tigers, a
large Punch-bowl in his hands.*

Bacchus.

Come, drink, my fair one's of the sky, }
Swill deep with me, and swill as I ; }
Pull hearty ; grief is always dry.
Here's liquor would inspire Hector,
Sweeter than celestial nectar ;
'Tis genuine *Antigua* rum,
Would make cats speak, or wise men dumb.
Tho' you've the body ; (*To Death.*) in this
bowl,
I have secur'd friend PUNCH's soul.

A I R.

Come, my bonny buxom' lasses,
Here's a mixture pure divine ;
Swig like me from copious glasses,
Till like mine your noses shine. [*Drinks.*]

Ruddy

Ruddy are my flaming features,
 Boozing makes good humor glow ;
 Here's to love, my charming creatures,
 Love and drink together flow. [*Drinks.*]

Melpomene.

I think I'll take a very little sup ;
 Here, Bacchus, pour it in my poison cup :
 Good liquor always drowns vexation :—
 PUNCH, here's a draught to your translation.
[*Drinks.*]

Thalia.

No pippin-squeezer I, but will drink free	}
As any lady of the <i>Coterie</i> ;	
Whether plain brandy, wine, or <i>ratifia</i> . [<i>Drinks.</i>]	

Pan.

Well pull'd, by Jove—no flincher is *Thalia*.
 Zounds, sh'as a swallow equal to *Goliath*.

Melpomene.

My head grows giddy (*biccups.*) I stand in
 amaze: (*bic*)
 Nay, miss *Thalia*—mem— (*biccups.*) you need
 not gaze—

Thalia.

You crying——(*hiccup*s) whining crocodile——
you punk——

Demme——demme——but—I—be—lieve you're
drunk——

What care I——madam——for all your driv'ling.
Get out of this——(*hiccup*s) or else leave off——
your sniv'ling.

Melpomene.

By you, pert madam——I won't be rated ;
I say, you lie——I'm not in—tox—i---cated.
Tho' I was always 'steem'd an honest fellow,
Yet, at this juncture, I am——but mellow.
If you dare meet me fair at fifty blows,
I'll still make flatter, mem, your *snubby nose*.
True——I am somewhat drowsy grown with weep-
ing,

But that at all times I can cure——with sleeping.
[*Sleeps.*

Thalia.

I'm too inclin'd to nap---farewell good Pan---
Bacchus, *bon soir*——we'll yet have t'other cann.
[*Sleeps.*

Undertaker.

Undertaker.

RECITATIVE.

Lift up this son of joy and mirth,
And lay him with his mother earth ;
Forth from his flesh may vi'lets spring :
Now let the church-bell once more ring.

[*Bell tolls.*

Soft Music.

Bacchus.

Hark ! I hear soft music play :
And lo ! Apollo hies away.

APOLLO descends in a Chariot, drawn by Pegasus.

Apollo.

O stop your hand, you rash, you foolish as,
I am come down from mount Parnass'.
The sister muses of the azure sky,
Sent me, as Plenipo, in their *Dilly*.
Drawn by Pegasus, their fav'rite steed,
Because their orders needed special speed.

At

At first a feat I did intend to try
 In the new set-up *Literary Fly* :
 But there I found so many fools had places,
 Their weight, I fear'd, would quickly crack the
 traces.

O, heavens ! in what wretched plight I see,
 Divine Thalia, and Melpomene !
 Sure they're not sunk into ebriety !

Bacchus.

The nymphs did take a gulp too much, or so,
 Which seiz'd upon their craniums *mal à-propos*.
 But friend Apollo, do not fume nor fret,
 Tipling's a common breach of *etiquette*.

A I R.

I my art have here been trying,
 As I found them weeping, crying,
 Moralizing, sobbing, sighing,
 Wailing with sad sound, Sir—

At their lips I plied my bowl,
 To exhilarate the soul,
 But the damsels drank so foul,
 They fell upon the ground, Sir.

Apollo.

Apollo.

Now, indeed, may Genius mourn and weep,
Since *Tragedy* and *Comedy* both sleep;
Since dulneſs has beſotted the two wenches,
No wonder actors play to empty benches.
Art thou here, Maſter Death?—*Bon jour, bon
jour—*
I am ſent down from Heav'n PUNCH to cure.

Death.

Thou know'ſt Apollo, all that live muſt die,
Paſſing thro' Nature to Eternity.
Are you to make this man a deity?
Well, I won't budge till you your power try.

Apollo.

Are you ignorant, good man Death, that I am
the god of medicine, and keeper of the Prome-
thean fire; that *Eſculapius* was my pupil, and that
the College of Phyſicians are my diſciples?

Death.

Death.

Since that is the case, friend *Apollo*, I shall wave my claim to Master PUNCH, and will not quarrel for a single life, or so. I am under very particular obligations to the College of Physicians. Neither the Penal laws of England, the Inquisition of Spain, or Religious Persecution, send so many subjects to my realm, as the Gentlemen of the Faculty.

Apollo.

You do not mean regular bred Doctors, I hope. You must be speaking of Quacks and Mountebanks.

Death.

Pardonnez moi;—I am speaking of your followers of *Galen*, *Hippocrates*, *Albumazar*, and *Paracelsus*, who kill by regimen, and the golden rule of physic. Readers of Greek and Latin, who come commissioned with *diplomas* from the Universities. Doctors are my Recruiting Serjeants;
Apothecaries

Apothecaries my Corporals ; and Chymists my
 Muster-masters. As to Quacks, they are my
 Swift auxiliaries ; every pill they administer has
 the effect of a bullet ; and they do me as much
 service as storms and earthquakes.

Apollo.

RECITATIVE.

What ho ! what ho ! thou mighty genius, ho !
 Lie'st thou here, like dormouse, silent, low.
 Arise, arise, awake ;
 Death's leaden slumbers from thy eye-lids shake.

A I R.

Thou nonpareil, arise, arise,
 Apollo comes to ope thy eyes ;
Sam Foot descending,
 This way is bending,
 And will translate his son divine.
 Thou nonpareil, arise, arise,
 Apollo comes to ope thy eyes ;
 Death's pow'r subduing,
 And life renewing,
 Round you my beams shall glorious shine.

E

Thou

Thou nonpareil, arise, arise,
Apollo comes to ope thy eyes.

Death.

Your incantation, Apollo, works but slowly.
You had best send to the Society for Recovering
Drowned Persons, and borrow their apparatus,
to set your patient's lungs in motion.

Apollo.

You tipstaff, Death, about your bus'ness hie ;
I bring from Jove a *noli prosequi*.
For PUNCH's body Jupiter thought fit,
To send by me his *habeas corpus writ* :
Answer me—Do you *traverse*, or *submit* ?
Shake not your head,—avaunt, and quit my
fight !
For Jove decrees that PUNCH shall come to
light.

Death.

Sir *Pol*, you need so severely snub,
Or, for a trifle, kick up a *hubbub*.

Pray

Pray don't insist upon it I should go,
But let me stay and see the *Raree-show*.

[*The coffin falls asunder, and discovers Punch.*]

Punch.

RECITATIVE.

What pow'r art thou, who from Death's bed,
Doth make me rise right willingly my head?
Odzounds, I find myself as cold as lead.

[*Punch rises.*]

A I R.

Come leave off your stroaking me,
And don't be joaking me,
If't please your worship, Apollo, Apollo.
You see by my hunch, Sir,
I'm plain Mr. PUNCH, Sir,
Then what has produc'd all this hallo, this hallo!
Say, say, what's the matter?
D' ye mean it for Satire?

E 2

O you're

O you're worse than the public papers, the papers ;
 You'll the Nobles provoke,
 If you keep up the joke,
 For me but a cutter of capers, of capers.

Apollo.

Ladies arise, get up, for shame awake,
 And *Somnus* from your drowsy senses shake.

RECITATIVE.

Down on your marrow-bones, *PUNCH*, bend,—
Aristophanes doth descend ;
 And you dumb blacks with mournful face,
 Instantly quit this joyful place.

[*Exeunt* Mourners.]

Bacchus.

For my part, *Pol*, I am engaged to hunt.
 On, Master *Pan*,—you and I'll *exeunt*.

[*Exeunt* *Bacchus* and *Pan*.]

Tbalia.

Thalia.

Far hence what e'er can agonize the soul,
 Grief, terror, rage, dagger, and poison'd bowl :
 The Comic Muse, free, gay, propitious pow'r,
 To dimpled laughter gives the mirthful hour.

A I R.

Let joy and laughter take their round,
 Brisk jollity come smiling ;
 Elate your heart with music's sound,
 The tedious hours beguiling.

Let's merry be, keep revelry,
 Nor care for grief nor sorrow,
 But take a glass, and hang the ass,
 Who's thinking for to-morrow.

C H O R U S.

Let's merry be, keep revelry,
 Nor care for grief nor sorrow,
 But take a glass, and hang the ass,
 Who's thinking for to-morrow.

Melpomene.

Melpomene.

What says grim *Death*?—Will you with us be merry?

Death.

No, thank you, I'm engag'd at *Pondicherry*.
There I have Frenchmen lying dead in grofs;
The Englishmen have giv'n them *coup-de-grace*.
Adieu—I must fly off to 'tend the war;
The East wind blows—I snuff the carrion
from afar. [Death flies off.

Martial music; clouds descend, with a figure of the late Samuel Foote, of satirical memory, surrounded by emblems of Satire, enclosed in a wreath of thistles and nettles, dressed in the character of Asmodeus, in the Devil upon Two Sticks.

Melpomene.

PUNCH, let me lead you to your chair,
Of Parnassus you're dubb'd Sub-May'r.

With

With my right hand I take you as my own,
To place you on your glorious well-earn'd
throne;
Under the man, who often, with shrewd tricks,
Was us'd to play the *Devil* —on *Two Sticks*.

Thalia.

And to me give your other hand.
Here, mighty PUNCH, you're to command,
As *Locum Tenens* to Apollo.
Huzza, huzza, let us all hallo.

[*All buzza.*

Punch.

Such politeness I never saw,
Ladies you're true *Je-ne-sai-quoi*,
A-la-mode Francois —*Débonnaire*,
And fit my humour to a hair.
Hail, ye Goddeffes divine,
Take these simple thanks of mine.
Oft before my life was ended,
'Twixt you I have stood suspended,

Like

Like a Peer's arms, with beast supporters,
Or drunken man held up by porters.
Melpomene, if 't please you, I would fain,
Take just one peep at poor old *Drury-Lane*.

Apello.

No PUNCH, at *Parnassus* you're wanted ;
That is a favour cannot be granted.
But nothing in the power of the Muse,
That PUNCH can wish to ask, will she refuse.

Punch.

Then tell me, Muses, what is the reason,
That you have both in the playing season,
Left the Theatres without protection ?
Is it the effect of new direction ?
I never did approve the *Partnership* ;
And fear the Stage, and Managers—*will trip*.

Melpomene.

My good friend PUNCH, you must not be surpriz'd ;
For know the Drama is *monopoliz'd*.

Poets

Poets of merit now are all adrift,
 My fav'rite sons are put to their last shift :
 No piece permitted on the stage t'appear,
 But what's receiv'd through *interest* or *fear*.
 From *Covent-Garden* Theatre I fled,
 Scar'd by the bombast fustian of—*Butbred*.
 And from *Old Drury* I was forc'd to fly,
 By an inhuman—*Law of Lombardy*.
 Nor had poor *Comedy* a better fate ;
 She too was forc'd to quit her ancient seat :
 Her works cut up to answer sing-song rhymes,
 For *Preludes*, and for *Speaking Pantomimes*.
Congreve and *Farquhar* now in vain we seek ;
 Instead of them, we see — the *Devil's Peak*.
 But come, good PUNCH, you now with us must
 rise,
 A Power immortal, to the highest skies.

Apollo.

A I R.

All shall yield to this great prodigy,
 All shall yield to this great prodigy ;
 None like thee, O PUNCH, can be ;
 None like thee, O PUNCH, can be ;

F

Match-

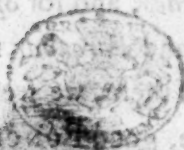
Matchless was he, we ne'er shall see

The like again of immortal he.

The like again of immortal he.

*The clouds ascend. The mourners enter and sing the
words of the above Air in chorus.*

[Exeunt.]



F I N I S.

